

# Instead of the Saints

Thea Gilmore

The night is growing old veined with threads of early dawn  
So deal the deck, c'mon Red, c'mon my friend  
The colour of fire  
The colour of fury

And we will bear this together  
We will wear this together  
We will bear this together  
Together

I'm digging up my gold  
No fortune, no fate and no religion  
I'll stick to my story instead of the saints  
Cos where were they when I was torn?

And we will bear this together  
We will wear this together  
We will bear this together  
We will wear this together  
Together  
Together  
Together

This city is dying of slogans  
Dripping neon  
A murdered town  
Oh, that, that's how I am  
Oh, that's how I am

And we will bear this together  
We will wear this together  
We will bear this together  
We will wear this together  
Together  
Together  
Together  
Together  
Together  
Together